







DA 370  
P4 A8

1662x

I

The first thing I remember is  
being born in a small town in  
the state of New York. My  
father was a farmer and my  
mother was a homemaker. I  
was the youngest of four  
children. I grew up in a  
simple, rural environment. I  
went to a common school  
where I learned the basics of  
reading and writing. I was  
a good student and was  
popular among my friends.  
After finishing school, I  
went to work on the family  
farm. I learned a lot about  
agriculture and hard work.  
I was married in my early  
thirties. My wife and I had  
several children. I continued  
to work on the farm and  
also engaged in some  
business ventures. I was  
known for my honesty and  
hard work. I lived a simple  
life and was respected in my  
community. I passed away  
in my late sixties. I leave  
behind a family and a legacy  
of hard work and integrity.

THE

READER,

**T**HIS Pamphlet was torn from me by those who say they cannot rob, because all is *Theirs*. They found it where it slept many years forgotten; but they waken'd it, and made false Transcripts. They Exciz'd what they liked not; so mangled and Reform'd, that 'twas no Character of an Assembler, but of *Themselves*. A Copy of that Reformling had crept to the Press. I seiz'd and stopt it, unwilling to father other mens sins. Here therefore you have it (as 'twas first scribled) without addition of a syllable; I wish I durst say here's nothing lopt off: but Men and Manners are chang'd, at least they say so. If yet this Trifle seem born with Teeth, you know whose hands were knuckle-deep in the bloud of that renowned Chancellour of Oxon (*Archbishop LAUD*) though when they cut up that great Martyr, his two greatest Crimes were the two greatest Glories Great Britain can boast of, St Paul's Church and the Oxford Library. Where you find no coherence, remember this Paper hath suffer'd Decimation: better Times have made it worse, and that's no fault of

J. B.









T H E

# Assembly-man;

---

*Written in the Year* 1647.

---

Θ Ε Ο Φ Ρ Α Σ Τ. Χαρχή. ιγ'.  
ΩΕ. ΠΕΡΙΕΡΓΙΑΣ.

Διευρίσκει τὸς μαχομένους, ὅς ἑς ὃ γνώσκει ἀτερεπὲς ἠγῆσθαι·  
καὶ ὁμῶναι μέλλων, εἰπεῖν πρὸς τὸς ὡφεληκότας, ὅτι τ'  
πρὸς τὸν πλεονέκτην ὁμῶναι. i. e.

*He seditiously stirr's up men to fight: he'll teach others  
the way whereof himself is most ignorant; and perswades  
men to take an Oath, because himself had sworn it before.*

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Richard Marriot*, and are to be sold at his  
shop under St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street,

166<sup>2</sup>/<sub>3</sub>.

DA 378 PY AP  
11662x

THE Acc. 2010-88  
Whitney (945) Ed

# Assembly-man

Witness in the Year 1877.

In the Year 1877, I was  
present at the

Assembly of the  
people of the State of New York, and  
I was present at the same.

I was present at the  
Assembly of the people of the State of New York, and  
I was present at the same.

I was present at the  
Assembly of the people of the State of New York, and  
I was present at the same.

## T H E

## Assembly-man.



**A**N *Assembler* is part of the *States'* Chateaux: nor *Priest*, nor *Burgess*, but a *Participle* that shank's upon both. He was chosen, as *Sir Nathaniel*, because he knew least of all his Profession: not by the Votes of a whole Diocese, but by one whole Parliament-man. He ha's sate four years towards a new Religion, but in the interim left none at all: as his Masters, the *Commons*, had a long Debate whether *Candles* or no *Candles*, but all the mean while sate still in the Dark: And therefore when the Moon quits her old Light, and has acquir'd no new, *Astronomers* say she is in her *Synode*. Shew me such a Picture of *Judas* as the *Assembler*, (a griping, false, Reforming Brother; rail's at *Wast* spent upon the *Anointed*; persecutes most those Hands which *Ordein'd* him; brings in *men with swords and staves*; and all for Money from the *Honourable Scribes* and *Pharisees*;) One Touch more (a Line tyed to his Name-sake *Elder-tree*) had made him *Judas* Root and Branch. This *Assembly* at first



was a full Century ; which should be reckon'd as the Scholiast's *Hecatomb*, by their Feet, not Heads : or count them by Scores, for in things without Heads Six-core to go to an Hundred. They would be a New *Septuagint* ; the Old translated Scripture out of *Hebrew* into *Greek*, these turn it to *four shillings a day*. And all these *Assemblers* were begot in one day, as *Hercules's* fifty Bastards all in one night. Their first List was sprinkled with some names of Honour (Dr. *Sanderson*, Dr. *Morley*, Dr. *Hammond*, &c.) But these were *Divines* ; too worthy to mix with such scandalous *Ministers*, and would not *Assemble* without the *Royal Call*. Nay, the first List had one *Archbishop*, one *Bishop*, and an *Half*, (for *Bishop Brownrigg* was then but *Elect*.) But now their *Assembly* (as *Philosophers* think the *World*) consists of *Atoms* ; petty small *Levites*, whose *Parts* are not perceptible. And yet these inferior postern Teachers have intoxicated *England* ; (for a man sometimes grow's drunk by a Glister.) When they all meet, they shew Beasts in *Africk* by promiscuous coupling in gender Monsters. Mr *Selden* visit's them (as *Persians* use) to see wild *Asses* fight : when the *Commons* have tyr'd him with their new Law, these Brethren refresh him with their mad Gospel : They lately were gravell'd 'twixt *Jerusalem* and *Jericho* ; they knew not the distance 'twixt those two places ; one cry'd twen-

ry miles, another ten, 'twas concluded seven, for  
 this reason, that *Fish was brought from Jericho to Je-*  
*rusalem-market* : Mr Selden smil'd, and said per-  
*haps the Fish was salt fish*, and so stopp'd their  
 mouths. Earl Philip goes thither to hear them  
 spend; when he heard them tols their NATIONAL,  
 PROVINCIAL, CLASSICAL, CONGREGATIO-  
 NAL; he swore *damnably*, that a pack of good Dogs  
 made better Musick : His Allusion was proper  
 since the *Elder's Maid* had a four-legg'd Hus-  
 band. To speak truth, this *Assembly* is the *two*  
*Houses* Tiring-room, where the *Lords and Commons*  
 put on their Visards and Masques of Religion.  
 And their *Honors* have so *sifted* the Church, that  
 at last they have found the *Bran* of the Clergy.  
 Yet such poor Church-menders must Reform and  
 shuffle, though they find Church-Government  
 may a thousand wayes be chang'd for the worse,  
 but not one way for the better. They have lately  
 publish'd ANNOTATIONS on the Bible,  
 where their first Note (on the word *CREATE*)  
 is a Libel against Kings for creating of Honors.  
 Their *Annotation* on *Jacob's two Kids*, is, that *two*  
*Kids are too much for one mans supper* : but he had (say  
 they) but one *Kid*, and the other made Sauce. They  
 observe upon *Herod*, what a Tyrant he was, to kill  
 Infants under two years old, without giving them a  
 legal



*legal Tryal* that they might speak for themselves. Commonly they follow the *Geneva Margin*, as those Sea-men who understood not the *Compass* crept along the Shore. But I hear they threaten a *second Edition*, and in the interim thrust forth a paultry *Catechism*, which expounds Nine *Commandments*, and eleven *Articles of the Creed*. Of late they are much in love with *Chronograms*, because (if possible) they are duller than *Anagrams*; O how they have torn the poor Bishops names to pick out the number 666! little dreaming that a whole Bakers dozen of their own *Assembly* have that Beastly Number in each of their Names, and that as exactly as their *Solemn League and Covenant* consist's of 666 words. But though the *Assembler's* Brains are Lead, his Countenance is Brass; for he damn'd such as held two Benefices, while himself has four or five, besides his *Concubine-Lecture*. He is not against *Pluralities*, but *Dualities*; He say's 'tis unlawful to have Two of his own, though Four of other mens; and observes how the Hebrew word for *Life* has no Singular number. Yet 'tis some Relief to a Sequester'd Person to see two *Assemblers* snarl for his Tithes; for of all kind of Beasts none can match an *Assembler* but an *Assembler*. He never enters a Church by the Door, but clambers up through a Window of *Sequestration*;

*questration*, or steals in through Vaults and Cellars by clandestine Contracts with an Expecting Patron. He is most sure no Law can hurt him, for Lawes dyed in *England* the year before the *Assembler* was born. The best way to hold him, is (as our King *Richard* bound the King of *Cyprus*) in silver chains. He loves to discourse of the new *Jerusalem*, because her streets are of fine gold; and yet could like *London* as well, were *Cheapside* pav'd with the *Philosophers stone*. Nay, he would say his Prayers with Beads, if he might have a Set made all of Diamonds: This, this is it which tempts him to such mad Articles against the *Loyal Clergie*, whom he dresse's as he would have them appear; just as the Ballad of *Dr. Faustus* brings forth the Devil in a *Friars weed*. He accus'd one Minister, for saying the *Blessed Virgin* was the *Mother of God*, (*Θεοτόκος*, as the Ancients call her.) Another he charg'd for a common Drunkard, whom all the Countrey knows has drunk nothing but Water these six and twenty years. But the *Assembler* himself can drink Widows Tears though their Husbands are not dead. Sure, if *Paracelsus's* Doctrine were true, (that to eat creatures alive will perpetuate mans life) the *Assembler* were immortal, for he swallows quick Men, Wives, and Children; and devours *Lives* as well as *Livings*; as if he were born in that Pagan Province

where None might marry till he had kill'd twelve Christians. This makes him kneel to Lieutenant General Cromwell (as Indians to the Devil;) for he saw how Oliver first threw ----, then ----, and can with a wink do as much for ----: like Milo in the Olympicks, by practising on a Calf grew strong enough for a Bull, and could with ease give a lift to an Asse. The Great Turk was sending his Ambassador, to congratulate the Assembly's Proceedings against the Christians; He Order'd them Thanks for Licencing his *Alcoran* to be printed in English; but hearing Ottoman Cromwell had talk'd of marching to the walls of Constantinople, that Embassy was stopt. The onely difference 'twixt the Assembler and a Turk, is, that one plant's Religion by the power of the Sword, and the other by the power of the Cymetar. Nay, the greatest strife in their whole Conventicle, is who shall do worst; for they all intend to make the Church but a Sepulchre, having not onely plunder'd, but anatomiz'd all the true Clergy; whose Torment is heightned in being destroy'd by such dull Instruments; as the Prophet *Isaiah* was sawn to pieces with a wooden Saw. The Assembler wonder's that the King and his Friends live still in Hope; he thinks them all in St. Clemens case, drown'd with an Anchor tyed about his neck. He has now got power to Visit the



the *Universities*; where these blinking *Visitors* look on eminent Scholars (as the Blind-man who saw *Men* like *Trees*) as *Timber* growing within the *Root-and-Branch Ordinance*. The *Assembler* has now left Scholars so poor, they have scarce Raggs wherewith to make Paper. A man would think the *Two Houses* intend to transport the *Universities*, since they load Asses with Colledge-revenues. For though these *Assemblers* made themselves *Heads*, they are rather the *Hands* of Colledges, for they all are *Takers*, and take all. And yet they are such creeping Tyrants, that Scholars are expell'd the two *Universities*, as the old *Thracians*, forc'd from their Countrey by Ratts and Mice. So that Learning now is so much advanc'd, as *Arrowsmith's* Glass-eye sees more than his Natural. They never admit a good Scholar to a *Benefice*, for the *Assembly's* Balance is the *Lake of Sodom*, where Iron swims and Feathers sink. Their Divinity-Disputations are with Women or Lay-men; and 'tis onely on one Question (*Episcopacy*) where the *Assembler* talks all that he and his friends can say, (though his best medium to prove *Presbyters* more ancient than *Bishops*, is, that *Scribes*, *Pharisees*, *Priests* and *Elders* were before the *Apostles*;) Yet if a Scholar or good Argument come, he flie's them as much as if they were his Text. This made him curse Dr. Steward,

Dr. *Laney*, and Dr. *Hammond*; and had he not had more Brass in his Face then in his Kitchin, he had hang'd himself at *Uxbridge*, and ended with that *Treaty*. For he has naught of *Logick*, but her clutch'd fist, and rail's at *Philosophy* as Beggars do at Gentlemen. He has very bad luck when he deals in *Philologie*, as one of them (and that no mean man) who, in his Preface to the Reader, sayes, that St. Paul had read *Eustathius* upon *Homer*, though the Apostle dyed a thousand years before *Eustathius* was born. The *Assembler's* Dyet is strangely different, for he dines wretchedly on dry Bread at *Westminster*, four *Assemblers* for thirteen pence: But this sharpens and whets him for Supper, where he feeds gratis with his City-Landlord, to whom he brings a huge Stomach and News; for which cramm'd Capons cram him. He screw's into Families where there is some rich Daughter or Heir; but whoever takes him into their bosom, will dye like *Cleopatra*. When it rain's he is Coach'd (a *Classis* of them together) rowling his Eyes to mark who beholds him. His shortest things are his Hair and his Cloak. His Hair is cut to the figure of 3; two high Cliffs run up his Temples, whose Cape of shorn hair shoot's down his Forehead, with Creeks indented, where his Ears ride at Anchor. Had this false Prophet been carried with *Habbakuk*, the Angel had caught  
fast



fast hold of his *Ears*, and led him as he leads his Auditory. His Eyes are part of his *Tithe* at *Easter*, which he boyles at each Sermon. He has two Mouthes, his Nose is one, for he speaks through both. His Hands are not in his Gloves, but his Gloves in his Hands, for 'twixt Sweatings, that is, Sermons, he handles little else, except his dear Mammon. His Gown (I mean his Cloak) reach's but his pockets: when he rides in that Mantle, with a Hood on his shoulders and a Hat above both, is he not then his own *Man of sin* with the *Triple Crown*? you would swear some honest Carpenter dress'd him, and made him the Tunnell of a Country Chimney. His Doublet and Hose are of dark Blew, a grain deeper than pure *Coventry*: but of late he's in Black, since the Loyal Clergy were persecuted into Colours. His two longest things are his *Nayles* and his *Prayer*. But the cleanest thing about him is his Pulpit-Cushion, for he still beats the Dust out of it. To do him right, commonly he weares a pair of good Lungs, whereby he turns the Church into a Belfry, for his Clapper make's such a Din, you cannot hear the *Cymball* for the *Tinkling*. If his Pulpit be large, he walk's his Round, and speaks as from a Garrison, (his own Neck is Palizado'd with Ruff.) When he first enters his Prayer before Sermon, he wink's and gasp's, and gasp's and wink's, as if he

pre-

prepar'd to preach in another world: He seems in a  
 Slumber, then in a Dream; then rumbles awhile;  
 at last he sound's forth, and then throw's so much  
 Dirt and Non-sense towards Heaven, as he durst not  
 offer to a Member of Parliament. Now because Scri-  
 pture bids him *not curse the King in his Thought*, he  
 do's it in his Pulpit by word of mouth; though  
 Heaven strike him dumb in the very Act, as it did  
*Hull at Cambridge*, who while he pray'd, *Depose Him, O*  
*Lord, who would depose us*, was made the dumb Devil.  
 This (one would think) should gargle his foul  
 mouth. For his only hope why God should hear  
 him against the King, is the Devil himself (that great  
*Assembler*) was heard against Job. His whole Prayer is  
 such an irrational Bleating, that (without a Metaphor)  
 'tis the *Calves of his Lipps*: And commonly 'tis larded  
 with fine new words, as *Savingable, Muchly, Christ-*  
*Jesufness, &c.* and yet he has the face to preach against  
*Prayer in an unknown Tongue*. Sometimes he's foun-  
 der'd, and then there is such hideous Coughing! But  
 that's very seldom, for he can glibly run over Non-  
 sense, as an empty Cart trundles down a Hill. When  
 the King girt round the Earl of *Essex at Lestythiell*, an  
*Assembler* complain'd that God had drawn his People into the  
*Wildernesse*, and told Him, *He was bound in honour to feed*  
*them; for, Lord, said he, since thou giv'st them no Meat,*  
*we pray thee, O Lord, to give them no Stomachs.* He tore  
 the

the *Liturgie*, because, forsooth, it shackled his Spirit, (he would be a *Devil* without a *circle*;) and now if he see the Book of *Common Prayer*, the Fire sees it next, as sure as the Bishops were burn'd who compil'd it. Yet he has merey on *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, because their *Meeters* are sung without Authority (no Statute, Canon, or Injunction at all;) only, like himself, first crept into private Houses, and then into Churches. Mr. *Rous* mov'd those *Meetres* might be Sequestred, and his own new *Rithmes* to enjoy the Sequestration; but was Refus'd, because *John Hopkins* was as ancient as *John Calvin*; Besides, when *Rous* stood forth for his Trial, *Robin Wisdom* was found the better Poet. 'Tis true they have a *Directory*, but 'tis good for nothing but *Adoniram*, who sold the Original for 400 l. And the Book must serve both *England* and *Scotland*, as the *Directory Needle* point's North and South. The *Assemblers*'s only Ingenuity is, that he pray's for an *extempore* Spirit, since his Conscience tell's him he has no Learning. His Prayer thus ended, he then look's round, to observe the Sex of his Congregation, and accordingly turn's the Apostle's *Men, Fathers, and Brethren* into *Dear Brethren and Sisters*. For, his usual Auditory is most part *Female*; and as many Sisters flock to Him, as at *Paris* on *Saint Margaret's* day, when all come to Church that are or hope to be with child that year. He divides his Text



as he did the Kingdom, make's one part fight against another : or as *Burges* divides the Dean of *Paul's* House, not into *Parts*, but *Tenements*, that is, so as 'twill yield most money. And properly they are *Tenements* ; for each Part must be dwelt upon, though himself comes near it but once a *Quarter* ; and so his Text is rather *Let out* than *Divided*. Yet sometimes (to shew his skill in *Keckerman*,) he *Butcher's* a Text, cut's it (just as the *Levite* did his *Concubine*) into many dead Parts, breaking the Sense and Words all to pieces, and then they are not *Divided*, but *shatter'd*, like the Splinters of *Don Quixot's* Lance. If his Text be to the Occasion, his first Dish is *Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver* ; yet tells not the People what *Pictures* those were. His Sermon and Prayer grin at each other, the one is *Presbyterian*, the other *Independent*, for he preaches up the *Classes*, yet pray's for the *Army*. Let his *Doctrine* and *Reason* be what they will, his *Use* is still to save his *Benefice* and augment his *Lecture*. He talks much of *Truth*, but abhors *Peace*, lest it strip him as *naked as Truth* ; and therefore hates a *Personal Treaty*, unlesse with a Sister. He has a rare simpring way of expression ; he call's a Married Couple *Saints that enjoy the Mystery* ; and a man Drunk, is a *Brother full of the Creature*. Yet at Wedding Sermons he is very familiar, and (like that Picture in the Church at *Leyden*) shew's *Adam and Eve* without *Fig-leaves*. At Funerals

nerals he gives infallible Signs that the Party is gone to Heaven ; but his chief Mark of a *child of God*, is to be good to God's Ministers. And hence 'tis he call's his Preachment *Manna*, fitted not to his Hearers *Necessity*, but their *Palat*, for 'tis to feed Himself, not them. If he chance to tire, he refreshes himself with the People's Hum, as a Collar of Bells do chear up a Pack-horse. 'Tis no wonder hee'l preach, but that any will hear him, (and his constant Auditors do but shew the length of their Ears ; ) For he is such an *Ἀβελτεροκόκωξ*, that to hear him make's good Scholars sick, but to read him is death. Yet though you heard him three hours hee'l ask a fourth, as the Beggar at *Delph* craves your Charity *because he eats four pound of Bread at a Meal*. 'Twas from his Larum the *Watch-makers* learn'd their *infinit Skrew*. His Glasse and Text are equally handled, that is, once an hour : nay sometimes he sally's and never returns, and then we should leave him to the Company of *Lorimers*, for he must be held with Bit and Bridle. Who ever once has been at his Church can never doubt the History of *Balaam*. If he have got any new Tale or Expression, 'tis easier to make Stones speak than him to hold his peace. He hates a Church where there is an *Eccho*, for it robs him of his dear *Repetition*, and confounds the Auditory as well as he. But of all Mortals I admire the *Short-hand-men*, who have the patience to write from his Mouth :



had they the art to shorten it into Sense, they might write his whole Sermon on the back of their Nail. For his Invention consist's in finding a way to speak Nothing upon any thing; and were he in the *Grand Seigniors* power, he would lodge him with his *Mutes*; for *Nothing* and *Nothing to purpose* are all one. I wonder in conscience he can preach against *Sleeping* at his *Opium-Sermons*. He preaches indeed both in season and out of season; for he rayl's at Popery, when the Land is almost lost in Presbytery, and would cry out *Fire, Fire*, in *Noah's Flood*. Yet all this he so act's with his Hands, that in this sense too his Preaching is a *Hindicraft*. Nor can we complain that *Playes* are put down while he can preach, save only his *Sermons* have worse Sense, and lesse Truth. But he blew down the *Stage* and preach'd up the *Scaffold*. And very wisely, lest men should track him, and find where he pilfers all his best *Simile's*, (the only thing wherein he's commendable, *St. Paul* himself having cull'd Sentences from *Menander's THAIS*, though 'twas his worst, that is, unchast Comedy.) Sometimes the *Assembler* will venture at the Original, and then (with the Translator of *Don Quixot*) he mistake's *Sobs and Sighs* for *Eggs and Collops*. But commonly (for want of *Greek* and *Latin*) he learns *Hebrew*, and streight is *illuminated*; that is, mad; his Brain is broke by a Brickbat cast from the Tower of *Babel*. And yet this

empty

empty windy Teacher has *Lectur'd* a War quite round the Kingdom: he has found a *Circulation of Bloud* for *Destruction* (as famous *Harvey* for *Preservation*) of Mankind. 'Twas easie to foresee a great Mortality when Ravens were heard in all *Corporations*. For, as Multitude of Froggs presage a Pestilence, so croaking *Lecturers* foretold an *Assembly*. Men come to Church, as the Great *Alexander* went to Sacrifice, led by Crows. You have seen a small *Elder-tree* grow in Chinks and Clefts of Church-walls; it seems rather a *Weed* than a *Tree*; which, lend it growth, make's a Rent in the Wall, and throw's downe the Church. Is not this the *Assembler*? grown from Schismes (which himself begot,) and if permitted, will make the Church but a *Floor* or *Church-yard*. Yet, for all this, he will be call'd *Christ's Minister* and *Saint*, as the Rebels against King *John* were the *Army of God*. Sure when they meet, they cannot but smile; for the dullest among them needs must know that they all cheat the people: such grosse low Impostors, that we die the death of the Emperor *Claudius*, poyson'd by *Mushromes*. The old Hereticks had Skill and Learning (some excuse for a Seduced Church,) Those were *Scholars*, but these are *Assemblers*; whose very Brains (as *Manicheu's* skin) are stuff'd with *Chaff*. For they study little, and preach much, ever sick of a *Diabete*: nor do they *read*, but *weed* Authours, picking up

cheap and refuse Notes, that with *Caligula* they gather Cockle-shells, and with *Domitian* retire into their Studie to catch Flies. At *Fasts* and *Thanksgivings* the *Assembler* is the *States'* Trumpet; for then he doth not *preach*, but is *blown*; proclaims News, very loud, the Trumpet and his Forehead being both of one metal. (And yet, good Man, he still prays for *Boldness*.) He hackney's out his Voice like a Crier; and is a kind of *Spiritual Agent*, receives Orders, and spreads them. In earnest the *States* can't want this Tool, for without him the *Saints* would scarce *Assamble*. And if the *Zealots* chance to fly out, they are charm'd home by this *Sounding Brass*. There is not on earth a baser *Sycophant*; for he ever is chewing some *Vote* or *Ordinance*; and tells the People how *savoury* it is; like him who lick'd up the Emperour's spittle and swore 'twas sweet. Would the *two Houses* give him *Cathedral Lands*, he would prove *Lords* and *Commons* to be *Jure Divino*: but should they offer him the *Self-denying-Ordinance*, he would justify the Devil and curse them to their faces, (his Brother *Kirk-man* did it in *Scotland*.) 'Tis pleasant to observe how finely they play into each others hands; *Marshall* procures Thanks to be given to *Sedgwick* (for his great pains) *Sedgwick* obtains as much for *Marshall*, and so they all pimp for one another. But yet (to  
their



their great comfort be it spoken) their whole seven-years Sermons at *Westminster* are now to be sold in *Fetter-lane* and *Pye-corner*. Before a Battail the *Assembler* ever speaks to the Souldiers; and the holding up of his hands must be as necessary as *Moses's* against the *Amalekites*: For he prick's them on, tells them that *God loves none but the valiant*: but when Bullets flye, Himself runns first, and then cry's *All the sons of Adam are cowards*! Were there any *Metempsychosis* his Soul would want a Lodging; no single Beast could fit him, being wise as a Sheep and innocent as a Wolf. His sole comfort is, he cannot out-sin *Hugh Peters*: Sure, as Satan hath possessed the *Assembler*, so *Hugh Peters* hath possessed Satan, and is the Devil's Devil. He alone would fill a whole Herd of *Gadarens*. He hath suck'd Bloud ever since he lay in the *Butcher's* Sheets; and now (like his *Sultan*) has a *Shambles* in his Countenance; so crimson and torrid, you may there read how *St. Lawrence* dyed, and think the three children were delivered from his face. This is *St. Hugh*, who will *Levell* the *Assembler*, or the *Devil's an Ass*. Yoke these Brethren; and they two couple like a *Sadducee* and a *Pharisee*, or a *Turk* and a *Persian*, both *Mahumetans*. But the *Assembler's* deepest highest Abomination, is his *Solemn League and Covenant*; whereby he strive's to damn or

begs

begger the whole Kingdom; out-doing the Devil, who onely *perswades*, but the *Assembler* force's to *perjury* or *starving*. And this (whoever live's to observe it) will one day sink both him and his Faction: for he and his *Oath* are so much one, that were he half-hang'd and let down again, his first word would be *Covenant! Covenant!*

But I forget a *Character* should be brief: (though *tedious Length* be his best Character.) Therefore I'll give yee (what He denyes the Sequester'd Clergy) but a *Fifth Part*. For weigh him single, and he has the Pride of three Tyrants, the Forhead of six Gaolers, and the Fraud of twelve Brokers. Or take him in the Bunch, and their whole *Assembly* is a *Club* of Hypocrites, where six dozen of Schismatics spend two hours for four shillings apiece.

FINIS.















